In VANITY FAIR of Aug. 17, will appear the Fourth Part of a Terrifically Thrilling Tale, written by one of the greatest undeveloped geniuses of the age, entitled

"THE FAIR INEZ; OR, THE LONE LADY OF THE CRIMSON CLIFFS."

A TALE OF THE SEA,

To be continued through Several Numbers. Newsmen will please send in their orders.

VOL. 4. NO. 85.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

AUG. 10,

1861.

Secretary Cameron.—WELL, MR. VANITY FAIR, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

V. F.—USE YOUR INFLUENCE TO DO JUSTICE TO MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN E. WOOL. 50,000 OF MY CONSTITUENTS, NOW IN ARMS FOR THE UNION, HAVE SENT ME TO DEMAND THAT THE ADMINISTRATION SHALL NO LONGER OVERSLAUGH ONE OF THE BRAVEST OFFICERS OF THE REPUBLIC.

☞ See "VANITY FAIR to the Public," for Terms of Subscription, etc., on Second Page.

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It is very creditably got up, and contains some admirably executed wood-cuts.—[London (Eng.) Artizan.

It is just such a work as every practical architect and mechanic should have.—[St. Louis Democrat.

Of great value to the class to whom it is addressed, and is conducted with great ability.—[New-York Sunday Times

Will be a help to all house-planners and builders.—[New-York Century

Carries with it an air of greater honesty of purpose and mildness of expression than many of its predecessors.—[Glasgow Practical Mechanics Journal.

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The first number, now before us, contains several papers of interest and value, and affords a favorable promise of the future character of the work.—[N. Y Tribune.

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WEEKLY JOURNAL OF HUMOR

Ever published in this country.

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AND

ASSAILING THE WRONG,

wherever they may be found, without reference to the tender spots of any person or persons.

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THE FAIR INEZ:

—OR—

THE LONE LADY OF THE CRIMSON CLIFFS.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

EDITED BY ARTEMUS WARD.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CRASH.

There was a crash and a stifled shriek.

But INEZ lived!

Some agricultural pirates, returning from the pleasant meadows, whither they had been to gather the sweet new mown hay, with a yoke of speckled oxen and a hay-rick, were her preservers.

They had paused upon a smiling hillock to enjoy the splendors of an able and efficient sunset, and to let the oxen rest.

They heard a sound as though something was whizzing—and on looking toward the cave they saw INEZ falling.

Not a moment was to be lost. Putting spurs to the oxen the pirates careered to the spot at a mad pace, and backed the cart, which contained about a ton of hay, immediately under the windows of the cave. INEZ lit upon the hay, where she lay unhurt, although trembling like the aspen leaf.

Thinking herself fatally injured, however, she raised herself upon her right arm, and requesting the orchestra to play up an appropriate dying air, she let her underjaw fall and permitted her eyes to roll wildly. Then in a graceful, theatrical manner, she said: "How cold it is! A strange mist is before me eyes. I am dying! Come hither, ARMAND! Light—light—Me mother!"

But on discovering that she was only slightly injured she got off the cart and went into the house.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE CORSAIRS.

O'MULLIGAN, weary of life on shore, resolved to put to sea again. He had recently received an encouraging note from another eminent pirate chief, Captain CROCKETTO SCOVILLO, who proposed to coöperate with O'MULLIGAN in any honorable enterprise which promised to yield large quantities of gold plate, bankable funds and spoons. SCOVILLO awaited O'MULLIGAN at the mouth of the Maumee River with a brigade of negro chambermaids and a brass band, commonly known as the Black Horse Cavalry. He had also a chaplain with him named COE, who was a hightoned man and a pleasing conversationalist. The emperor of Rahway, NICOLI SPEERINI I, had tendered a platoon of two-horse coaches, and a barrel of apple-jack. There were also good reasons to suppose that the Camden and Amboy Railroad would carry the pirates at half price. Everything seemed auspicious.

"Do you regard it as safe to resume our noble profession upon the high seas at this particular period, my lord?" inquired a cautious corsair named HOGANNI.

"Perfectly safe," replied the chief. "No danger as long as Connecticut continues to furnish Secretaries of the Navy."

"Ah true," said the pensive pirate. "All I want is to get an honest living. So long as I get my hot dishes, I shall be happy."

"Thou shalt return some day to the bogs of thy own Sunny Italy, my faithful HOGANNI, with much gold plate and many ducats," said the chief, smiling approvingly upon the dark-eyed Italian."

"I'll make it lively for the boys in Cork!" joyfully exclaimed HOGANNI. This talented and noble-hearted pirate then retired for the purpose of showing some relatives from the country how to play marbles, three-card monte and other pleasing games.

A pirat now entered hastily.

"Ha! pampered menial, what bringest thou?" cried O'MULLIGAN, rising suddenly and breaking a clay-pipe in his emotion.

"On yonder hill among the palm trees we have surprised an Abolitionist. Escape by flight he could not, and so we nab'd him!"

"Drag him before me. But stay— didst tar and feather the Northern schoolmistress, and hang the white-chokered miscreant who had a New York *Tribune* in his pocket?"

"My lord, we didn't do nothing shorter."

"'Tis well. Away!"

The Abolitionist was ushered in. He stood before the chief with an erect form, a flashing eye and an unblanched cheek. He said his name was TELL.

"What! WILLIAM TELL? No! How are you, BILL. Whence comest thou?"

"From Ashtabula County, in Ohio. Our voices are for war, but we don't care about fighting ourselves. Our folks don't think it's no laughing matter."

"'Tis well!" said O'MULLIGAN, with a scornful laugh; "I'd have them as their hills that never smile, though wanton summer tempt them e'er so much.

"But we do sometimes smile?"

"Ay! When is that?"

"When whiskey is three cents a glass."

A feeble smile lit up the noble features of O'MULLIGAN, as this subtle witticism fell from the finely-curved mouth of TELL, and some pirates commenced applauding but desisted on being told that the galleries would be cleared if the offense were repeated.

"They say, fellow, that you are deeply skilled in the use of firearms, and that as Captain of the Home Guards you have astonished people by the surpassing excellence of your shots."

"I can hit a barn-door with buckshot at a distance of three yards!" proudly replied the bold mountaineer.

"Why don't they make a Brigadier-General of you?" inquired O'MULLIGAN; but TELL essayed no reply.

MR. TELL'S boy, we should have stated, was with him at the time of his capture, and at the suggestion of Mr. O'MULLIGAN MR. TELL placed a pumpkin on that interesting juvenile's head and fired at it with a bow and arrow, at a distance of three paces—the understanding being that if he didn't hit the pumpkin he was to be killed. This, as O'MULLIGAN aptly observed, was justice tempered with mercy.

MR. TELL felt very bad at the idea of shooting at his young child, but he was compelled to do so, however much against his inclination. Who can describe a father's feelings who is forced to shoot at a pumpkin onto his young boy's head?

MR. TELL fired—the pumpkin rolled off the child's head—the child lived!

"You may return to Ashtabula County, WILLIAM," said the chief, deeply affected; "but wherefore didst hide that sledstake under thy shirt-bosom?"

"To smash you in the snout, tyrant, had I slew'd my young boy!"

"You don't say so!" said the astonished O'MULLIGAN. "Well, it's a lucky go for me that you didn't hit him, isn't it? Let me kiss him for his mother!"

"Little boy," said the sagacious pirate, whose eccentric and disreputable conduct we noticed in our last, "little boy, give my love to your Uncle TIMOTHY. Likewise to your Aunt BETSY! Your Aunt BETSY is older than you be, but do not let that fact weigh you down or interrupt your glorious career."

"Have you or have you not become a driveling idiot?" angrily inquired the chief.

"Sir," said the sagacious pirate, "figgers won't lie, and I consider you a dam rascal!"

"Remove him at once," said O'MULLIGAN, "and don't let him get at the whiskey again."

"You shall be super-super-ce- (hic) ded. Can you tell me why this lizzle boy is like———"

"Away with him!" shrieked the chief; "load him with chains!"

Mr. TELL and his son left for home on the first train; and O'MULLIGAN, sending for the last number of the New York *News*, put on his spectacles and sat down to the rich mental banquet which is always spread before the readers of that able South Carolina journal. "This is a good paper," said the chief; "we must get up a club for this paper!"

CHAPTER IX.—AFLOAT AGAIN.

We will now return to the ocean main.

The fine brig Jane Gray was gallantly breasting the waves, with her porpoise bobstays well holystoned, and her mizen marlinspike tautly lashed to the poopdeck. Those of my readers who have seen active service on shipboard need not be told that all well-regulated vessels carry bulkhead jiggers as well as halyard toggles, and rest assured the Jane Gray was not deficient in these respects. Indeed, she not only carried the above, but taffrail scuppers and dockyard toplights, although she was not what is technically termed a go-line jib-boomer.

WILL SOMERS, the gallant young tar of whom we have before spoken, was leaning gracefully against the topgallant skysail, evidently wrapt in deep meditation.

"Avast there, shipmet," said old JACK RYDER, who was holystoning some grummets near by; "all in the downs again, my hearty?

> "I wish I was old Stormy's son,
> Storm along, Stormy!
> I'd take my jacket and pawn it for rum,
> Storm along, Stormy!"

sang the old tar. "Come, come, WILL, think of Old Stormy's son and cheer up."

A tear glistened in WILLIAM's eye. He was thinking of the fair INEZ to whom he was betrothed, although her parents, who were wealthy, did not approve of the match. They thought he simply wanted to marry her so as to get the property. But they did WILLIAM great injustice. He was above such things. His father had been a select man in Stoneham for several years, and WILLIAM was determined to keep up the reputation of the family. He was not aware of INEZ's captivity, but supposed that she was home in Maine.

> "All in the downs the fleet was moored,
> The streamers waving in the wind,
> When Black-eyed SUSAN came on board,
> Saying where shall I my true-love find."

sang poor WILL, still sadly leaning against the topgallant skysail.

"Sail ho!" cried the man at the wheel.

"Where-away?" asked Captain WRIGHT, seizing an opera glass and bringing it to his eye.

"Two knots N. W. E. She flies the Secession flag!"

"'Tis O'MULLIGAN's fleet!" said the captain.

"We shall be cut to pieces!" cried the first-mate, in a voice of terror.

"I reckon not," said Captain WRIGHT, taking a grown person's dose of tobacco; "I reckon not. There are no Congressmen, teamsters, or other old women on board to create a panic, and I guess we'll flax 'em."

"Sail ho! Three knots to the starboard!"

"'Tis the Black Horse Cavalry!" cried Captain WRIGHT. "Gentlemen," he instantly added, in a cool voice, "there may have been a Bull's Run on shore, but there shall be no Calves' Run on the sea! To your guns!"

O'MULLIGAN stood upon the poopdeck of his flagship, his countenance lit up with the lurid glare of corn whiskey and impending battle!

There was every prospect of an altercation.

(To be Continued.)

A Hit at the Times.

Our rout at Bull Run stands confest,
The hurly burly and the bustle:
We made good time, but not the best,
The best Bull's Run was that of RUSSELL!

What General Scott wants.

Just what JEFF. DAVIS wants—"to be let alone."

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Illustrious Highness, PRINCE NAPOLEON,
(To which is added mystical PLON PLON!)
Thou hast arrived at last: thy yacht, they say,
Is lying now, *perdu*, in New-York bay.
Among the shipping of our Yankee foes,
Whose cargoes must offend thy royal nose!
Not fragrant Cotton from the Southern land,
But Northern merchandise, in less demand;
Oil from New Bedford, (keep your nostrils shut!)
Nutmegs and onions from Connecticut;
Produce from Jersey, or Long Island's shore,
Or, from the West, the flesh of pig and boar:
From this, and other refuse of the sort,
Depart, and seek some decent Southern port,
Say Charleston, Prince. Your Highness, we implore,
Do come to Charleston, and depart no more!
We'll break the blockade for you; speak the word,
And battered Sumter shall again be heard;
Moultrie shall answer, Pinckney's guns reply,
Until the Federal fleet shall let you by.
The blockade's nonsense! as our wits have said,
Only a blockhead cares for *that* blockade!
Why stays your yacht, then? Quit the hated North;
Come forth NAPOLEON, come NAPOLEON Fourth!
We want a king! A people like our own,
Will not be long content without a throne;
For howe'er much we prate of being free,
We are at heart an aristocracy!
We look on freedom as the worst of crimes,
As we told RUSSELL of the *London Times*,
Though in his letters he belied us well:
You see he couldn't understand a "sell."
We talked about an English Prince, 'tis true;
But all the time we thought of France—and you!
Here's ALFRED, now—The man must be a flat,
To think we would accept a boy like that!
What would *he* do for us? What could he *be*?
They say he is a sailor—knows the sea:
The sea, indeed,—we're not so jolly green;
Why, we've no ships at all—just now, we mean!
And then an English Prince! Pooh! haven't we
Twice whipped his nation on the land and sea?
They haven't helped us, either, as they should,
(At least as MANN and YANCEY said they would!)
Besides, they're all an Abolition crew—
No English Prince, we'll have no Prince but you!
To you alone our loyal hearts we yield,
To you, and your young consort, fair CLOTILDE!
For, now we come to think on't, you and she
Will back us up with France and Italy;
O come at once, great Pair! no more delay:
Pollute your yacht no more in New-York bay;
For what's New-York to Charleston? "Larger?" Yes:
But then 'tis Cotton made it what it is:
And what it brought to them, to us 'twill bring,
For, under you, 'twill be indeed a King!
Then come, your Highness: South Carolina stands
Holding the slave whip in her ready hands—
We mean the sceptre—which she offers thee,
And all the right divine of Slavery!
A large plantation, where the soil is fine,
And niggers, any number, shall be thine,
To grow the Cotton, and to raise thee rice,
And make the State an earthly Paradise!
And this shall be their song when day is done,
(Your Highness, hark! the shouting has begun!)
"DEATH TO ABE LINCOLN! VIVE NAPOLEON!"

HARDEE MADE EASY.

STRICTLY speaking, the following remarks do not come under the head of tactics; but as the mighty cry of "Give us cavalry!" is reverberating far and wide through the ranks of the Federal troops, the spur of the moment incites us to saddle ourselves with the responsibility of offering a few remarks regarding the management of that stately animal, the Horse.

Horses may be classed in two divisions: those that are afflicted with splint, spavin, windgall, curbs, thoroughpin, warbles, farcy, glanders, lampas, navicular, founder, bots, broken wind, sand-crack, apoplexy, strangles, or any other of a few diseases to which the noble animal in question is subject, and those that are not.

In purchasing for cavalry, the latter class only should be passed by the veterinary surgeon.

Riding-masters for the respective regiments—unlike Brigadier Generals—should be selected with a view to their competency. Late events have shown that some of our Brigadiers could make neither head nor tail of it, when tactics were wanted; but let no person be appointed as riding-master who does not know head from tail, with regard to a horse.

The disastrous effects of such an appointment may be illustrated by the following example:

Suppose the appointment of HORACE GREELEY as riding-master to a newly raised regiment of horse. Instructing a squad with regard to the first thing to be done by a recruit toward employing a horse to carry him, viz: "how to mount," the senior dragoon of the *Tribune* would inevitably "make a mull of it" in one of two ways. He would either come so suddenly—clothed, perhaps, but out of his right mind—upon the noble quadruped, as to send it off upon a Bull run to its native pastures; or else, stalking it cautiously from the rear, would insert his right foot in the near stirrup instead of his left. Then, shuffling himself into the saddle with the well-known if not graceful sprawl, he would shout "Onward to Richmond!" with wild gesticulations over the horse's tail, until suddenly laid grovelling in the dust by the charge of the quadruped in a direction opposite to the intentions of his rider. The next word of command given by this competent instructor would probably be "*Peccavi!*" with an intimation to the squad that he would leave the movement in future to their own discretion.

When once placed firmly in the saddle, the recruit should never lose sight of the fact that, so long as his legs hang down straight at either side of the horse, he cannot, by any possibility, fall off.

Thus assured, his first essay will be the trot without the use of stirrups; in performing which it will be as well for him to play about a small india-rubber ball in his mouth, in order to prevent injury by concussion to his teeth.

For instructions as to how to live through a heavy trot, which is a matter very essential to the health of the rider, cavalry recruits are referred to the next week's advancing columns of VANITY FAIR, as they take up their ground to the Right.

An Object for the Charitable.

"Description" has been so completely "beggared" of late, according to the war correspondents of the daily press, that an exact description of Description in its present state of ragged mendicancy, would be unfit for publication. If the war correspondents of the daily press, have any cast off Articles that would give Description Fits, why do they allow D. to go about in the condition described by them?

IN FOR IT.

As an instance of the way in which machinery may run counter to the interests of mankind, we cite the following "Notice" from the *Tribune*, in reply to the protest of such subscribers as didn't care to go to the additional expense of the *Sunday* issue of that paper (price 3 cents), or were conscientiously opposed to Sunday papers, but found it coming "whether or no," and the bills too:

"The address of subscribers to the *Tribune* being *printed by machinery*, we cannot mail our Daily for six days only in each week. We make this announcement because, in a few instances, subscribers have requested us not to send our Sunday edition. The *Tribune* for Sunday is filled with *news* and other interesting matter which does not appear in our other Daily issues."

As for the gloss given the pill, in the last sentence of the above, we should regard it as adding insult to injury, were it addressed to us, as it is a libel on the intelligence of the reader, who, of course, may be supposed to have judged for himself, in relation to the contents of the Sunday *Tribune*, and to have made up his mind he didn't want it at any price.

But, really, what else can the unfortunate publishers do? There's their "machinery," which can't feel, humming along and attending strictly to business, with no inclination or even ability to hear the voice of complaint. They are its slaves, its helpless captives. They have gone and forged the fetters which compromise their honor and constrain their nobler instincts!

Following this novel and enterprising system to its probable results, we may fancy a man in the prime of life, though prematurely old, suddenly rousing himself—say, in the year 1870—and bursting from the intolerable pressure of countless *Tribunes*, the accumulation of the intervening years, only to encounter the inevitable bill, and perhaps an execution—all because the poor wretch had subscribed, perhaps for six months, in 1861, and paid in advance, supposing that would be the end of it; but the indefatigable sheet had nevertheless continued to come, impelled by this terrible and unalterable "machinery," spite of numerous remonstrances and earnest prayers for relief.

Out on the dishonest tendencies of inexorable and passionless Science!

KENTUCKY.

VANITY FAIR not long since invited attention to the fact that it was a rather safe thing than otherwise to "go" for the Union at the North; and at the same time we mildly suggested, for the benefit of certain hairbrained individuals in our midst, that it was a rather unsafe thing than otherwise to "go" for the Union at the South. Hence we argued that the loyal people of that sunny and funny region were entitled to a vast deal more credit than we of the North, who could be true to the good old Flag without being forced to execute a far more perilous rope performance than the Brothers HANLON have yet attempted.

It is more pleasant to glide with the current, dear friends, when the seas are propitious and the gales are halcyon, than to fight the black storm!

We censure Kentucky for not furnishing troops to fight for the Union, forgetting that she has a formidable foe of her own to put down: forgetting that she must strangle the monster Secession within her own borders ere she can consistently be asked to send troops to Washington.

The patriots of Kentucky have been compelled to encounter more powerful masked batteries than those at Manassas; and it is perhaps worth noticing that they have been rather more successful in overcoming them than were our troops at that point.

The loyalists of Kentucky are straining every nerve and making every sacrifice to save that Commonwealth to the Union. They will succeed. Only please do let them have their own way of doing it.

It may surprise some persons to be informed that the County in which Louisville is located has alone sacrificed more money for the Union than the entire State of New-York! This is no less a stern fact because it for the first time reaches the public through a journal which occasionally allows itself to be funny.

Plantation after plantation, in the extreme Southern States, and owned by citizens of Louisville, has been confiscated, (the Secession term for stealing), because those citizens would not identify themselves with what is pleasantly called the Southern cause.

If we cannot in this hot wild hour do justice to PRENTICE and HARNEY and CRITTENDEN and COMBES, and others of Kentucky's brave and loyal hearts, it is gratifying to believe that History will give them a brilliant place among the heroes of 1861.

The Stands in which the Rebels have always gained signal Victories.

Ink-stands.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GREELEY MARSHALLING HIS FORCES FOR THE ATTACK ON RICHMOND.

Very Likely.

In the rebel reports of the battle of Bull Run, it is mentioned as cause for much exultation, that 25,000 stand of arms were captured from the Union troops. This seems a little odd when we consider that there were only 22,000 Union troops engaged in that battle, and that most of them brought their arms back with them. But the veracity of our chivalrous foes is not to be doubted, and we are therefore willing to account for the above statement by the presumption that the greater number of our men carried three or four muskets apiece.

For the Benefit of our M. C.'s

After much ado, Congress has passed a bill to levy a tax upon nearly all sorts of Northern wealth, for war purposes. We don't object to this new burden for our country's sake. But we venture mildly to suggest that, while they are on the subject of "*a tax*," our M. C.'s would also do well to provide for more efficiently officering the army, by which means *attacks* on the Rebels may be "levied" more successfully in future.

"There was a Reaper"

A meeting of our German citizens was held last week for the purpose of organizing a corps to be armed with scythes. Rather a good idea, VANITY FAIR thinks, now that we have sent out a regiment with SICKLES.

Severe (with an H Dropped.)

Since the battle of Bull Run the Rebels seem immensely elated. During that combat some of their "crack" regiments were also anni(h)-ilated.

THE RETURN OF OUR VOLUNTEERS.

Our gallant volunteers
  Came back from war to-day;
I saw their broken ranks
  A-marching up Broadway:
Five hundred sturdy boys,
  Brave fellows every one,
No mother in the land
  Need blush to own her son!

Behind their tattered flag
  They marched with martial tread,
Though half their corps, at least,
  Were missing—wounded—dead!
And one had lost his sword,
  And one had lost his gun;
Still every mother there
  Was proud to own her son

Those gallant volunteers
  Were worth their mothers' prayers;
For though the day was lost,
  It was no fault of theirs!
They fought with fearful odds
  What men could do, was done:
So every mother now
  Is proud to own her son!

What though they came in rags!
  Their honor still was bright;
They slew their foes like men,
  In fair and open fight.
If some were cowards there,
  These boys of ours were none:
Let every mother, then,
  Be proud to own her son!

O noble volunteers!
You've done your duty well,
Yes, who came back to-day,
And those who, fighting, fell!
And though the field be lost,
'Tis still a battle won,
To think—no mother here,
Need blush to own her son!

NEW-YORK, *July 26th*, 1861.

Coming Engagements.

We are glad to announce that the management at WALLACK'S have decided to strengthen their campaign at the outset with the preparation of the nautical piece entitled "Black Eyed Susan," a conspiracy having been recently brought to light, which contemplates nothing less than a simultaneous descent upon the Wallachean tribes of numerous Tar-tar hoards, (now gathering in their fastnesses,) led by the battle cry, "All hands a Hoey!"

If this be true, we trust the Invaders will get their deserts.

Mother Gooseries.

(Scott's Reveille.)

Rub a dub, rub a dub, this is my plan;
I'll master the rebels as *fast as I can;*
Catch 'em, and whip 'em, and mark 'em with T;
And hang all the leaders, as soon you shall see!

From the (very) late Musical Prize Committee.

This august body, having gained much experience during their long session, are, we are credibly informed, soon to offer prizes for the most meritorious specimens of U. S. Marshal Music, to be composed in rapid movements, and especially adapted to the purposes of Contra Bands.

MIND YOUR EYE!

MRS. ROSS'S REMARKS ON THE WAR.

NEW YORK, July the 25th.

MR. VANITY :—I begin ter git my strength up, arter that sickness I spoke on. I told Mis BISSEL this morning (she's the woman my son got ter kinder tend to me and fix up my things sorter city-fied,) I felt as ef it would raly do my soul good ter put my foot onter the arth once more. So we went inter the square I spoke on, rite in frunt of my sons house. I tell you, it was revivin ter hear the leaves a movin, and ter feel that I was walkin on naters bosum. Fokes was settin and standin around as ef they hedent nothin on arth ter do. Some wimen hed babys drest up fit for a cristnin. They dident seem ter think nothin on um, but let the blazin sun shine straight inter ther eyes, and hild ther umbrills over ther own heads.

Wal, I see a good many things that sot me ter thinkin ; but I haint no time ter speak on um now. One thing, though I did see, that I never shel git out of my mind. It was a poor young critter, not a day over fifteen, a settin on a bench and cryin fit ter kill herself, and wipin her eyes on her woolen shawl. I sed, young woman, do tell me whats the matter. She dident give no anser. I asked her agin, when a little peart boy that was standin close by her sed she was his sister, and sed his big brother and his father had gone ter the war, and she hedent no work, and theyd nothin ter eat. Mis BISSEL nudged me ter come along, but suthin inside on me sed, this is a hard case. So I took a quotter out of my pus, and gin her my spandy clean hankercher out and out to wipe her eyes on. I wanter gunter see her scratchin her eyes out on a woolen shawl, when Ide got a duzen bran new hankerchers that mebby I should never live ter shake out of fold. Poor critter, I sed ter myself, as I hurrid on ter ketch up with Mis BISSEL. But I coodent talk any more ; I hed too much ter think on.

Wal, I got ter my charm er as quick as I cood. I fetched a long breath and got inter the distension chair my son gin me and went ter thinkin harder than ever. I must tell you about this chair, Mr. VANITY, fore I go any furder. The founder on it was a Carlina gentleman that hed a sick wife he sot the world and all by. She coodent set up and she coodent lay down. Wal, he put his hed ter work ter git up suthin that would bend to her biddin ; and it worked to a charm. So he made another jest like it and sent it ter Queen VICTORY,—and ef ever a woman hed a right to take her comfort its her. Wal, a Yankee captin took it acrost the oshun to her in his vessil ; and when he got in hailin distance ther was a lot of ships in the way, that dident mind him no more than ef they hedent heerd him holler. Bimeby sed he, Ive got suthin for VICTORY, and massy ! the ships big and little gin away both sides and he jest sailed right up ter the landin. It showed what a sight they thought on her, good critter ! Wal, she was enymost tickled ter death with the chair ; and what did she do but box up her husbands (Mr. ALBERTS) picter, and hern too, all plumed and crowned to a nicety, and send um to the founder of the chair, and a letter too with all the thanks in the world int.

Wal, Ime a gittin away from my pint. I was a gunter tell you what went through my head after I got sot down in my distention chair. But come to think ont, I might as well set up for to mesure the sand of the arth, or the water of the briny deep. It was all about the topsy turvy state of this nation, and the fokes thats bin killed, and the sufferin ter hum, and so on. And want that enough ter think on ?

The conclusion I come to, Mr. VANITY, was this : Ef a baby is brung up ter be rocked the hull tote of the time when its asleep, it ainter gunter sleep without it. Ef you take your toe off of the rocker the little critter is up on its knees a starin at you. Now we ony thought of our comfert. Weve ben rockt ter sleep in our cradle of Liberty, and now we're all up in eend ter see what's ter pay. Some say the South fokes are proud becuz theyve got niggers ter do ther work, and so they dont want nothin ter do with fokes that do ther work therselves. Others say the North fokes wont be satisfide till they git everybody ter doin things jest as they do. I think thers fools on both sides. Ef mothers hed larned their children perliteniss, as I did my son, SIMON—ter sed, yes sir, and no sir, and yes marm and no marm, and ter mind ther own consarns—this war wouldent never bin.

Lawful suz ! ef the ring leaders of this rebellion would jest go inter ther charmbers and spred therselves out in the distension chair that one of their own fokes founded, and turn ther grevances over fare and square, theyd be like HAGAR WILSON, a sixtieth cozen of mine, that hed drunk so much green tea she was all of a shake. She dident know what ailed her, and so her doctor told her ter take half a pound of fat pork, and a pound of green tea, and bile um in a pailful pot of wotter five hours, and then eat the pork. Wal, when she come ter look in the pot for the pork, ther want a spec there.

Your obedient servant,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S. JAMES SPENCER has got back from Washington. He ses the Hampshire boys was amazin tickled with the notions he took um. JAMES ses they are jest dyin ter git holt of some new songs. I dont blame um. The Nations old songs will hold on ter us as long as weve got the breath of life in us ; but if that song committy hev got twenty good songs, and cant tell which on um is the smartest, let um divide the five hunderd dollers amongst the twenty that rit um. Ile be bound fort ther wont be no growlin. Then they can print the hull on um, and send um ter the poor solgers.

Old hunderd is a blessed good tune, but fokes dont want ter be pipin ont forever. M. R.

THE PUBLIC TO THE DAILIES.

More facts and more sense must be spoken,
'Tis too much—this practical joking
On a nation's warm hopes and worst fears ;
May the facts soon be made out
To me,
That from JEFF, fairly played out
At sea,
Are escaping his last private tears.

Great battles invented, predicted,
Asserted, and then contradicted,
These you funnily term "War-humors ;"
Now should ever some victories true
At sea,
Be brought fairly home to you,
And me,
They ought to be headed, "Salt Rheumers."

You're so utterly given to chaffing,
To humbug and false telegraphing,
That I fear there's no hope of redress ;
So unless your false zeal's soon abated,
You see,
When the great mass of stuff you've created
Strikes me,
I may not be able to suffer the Press.

FROM OUR SPECIAL BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

Whether Prof. LOWE'S balloon enterprise is to be restricted within the limits of reconnoitring the rebel camp, We are not sufficiently in Gen. SCOTT'S confidence to be able to say. But We hope not. We are decidedly of opinion that this practical discovery, the success of which, so far as the experiment has been tried at Arlington, SHAKSPEARE declares has already given

"to æronauting
A local habitation and a name,"

is capable of far greater things on a field of more enlarged operations. Now We hardly expect our counsels to be immediately followed, but We shall not hesitate to say, that if We do not, within three days, distinctly and with the naked ear, hear reports of a very high pitched battle between LOWE on our side, and the high JACK who commands the rebel balloon on the other, then We and the people shall have good reason to blame the slowness of the campaign.

Nothing is easier, it strikes Us, than to detail for this purpose several of those bodies of Flying Artillery (now idling away their days in camp,) to arm them, every man with the newly improved air gun, to detach and send on ahead of the main body several pair o' shooters (*parachuters possibly, Ed.*) as skirmishers, and the thing is done.

At any rate, all that will remain to be done in order to render this a most effective arm of the service, will be to give it a Head. And, in this connection, We think that any man of observation who has witnessed the ascent of the Queen of the Air from Boston Common may be supposed to know the ropes sufficiently well for this purpose. We are a man of observation—We have thus witnessed—and We may, consequently, thus be supposed to know the ropes.

The Invalid and the "Doctors."

While (meaning no harm) University Proctors
Send poor sick Columbia a couple of "Doctors,"
With tears in your eyes, you are looking upon her,
And crying "God help her !—she's surely "a gone-er" !
Dry up !—'Tis a perilous pickle, 'tis true ;
But a strong "Constitution" will carry her through !

General Greeley's War Motto.

Horatio ad absurdum

1st *Young Gent.*—(*sings.*)—"VEVE LAR AMERICKER."

2d *ditto.*—"VEVE LAR MERICKER BE BLOWED! IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL INCOURAGIN' A PURE BALLID LITERATOOR—TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, STUMPY, EF YOU'RE GOIN' TO SOSHIATE WITH ME, YOU'VE GOT TO AIR YOUR VOCAL ORGANS OFTENER WITH HAIL COLUMBY AND THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

A Change for the Better.

CINCINNATUS has gone back to his plough. To drop metaphor, GREELEY has returned to agricultural pursuits. That renowned General having at length come to the conclusion that, singular as it might appear, he did not know as much of military science as WINFIELD SCOTT, Esq., having renounced his idiotic diurnal howl of "Forward to Richmond," having whimpered and snivelled like a whipped school-boy, and promised that he would never do so any more, found himself, when at the end of his penance, in a sad dilemma as to subjects. Having barred himself and his vegetarian associates from all criticisms on army movements, the delightful work of assailing the Commander-in-Chief was thenceforth to him as forbidden fruit. What to write about? was the question that for a time agitated the *Tribune* arcana. Agriculture loomed. Instantly HORACE seized his pen and dashed off a spirited article, three columns and a half long, on "Indian corn." The article was printed next morning on the *Trib's* editorial page. The course of the paper was then and there decided. Essays on Bran Bread, Sorghum Treacle, and the best method of planting Beets, from the same eloquent pen, may be expected in their regular order.

What the People say.

Since the beginning of this war we have "great cry and little Wool," and we think now its about time the thing was reversed.

Another Son of a Gun.

Col. FLETCHER WEBSTER, son of the Constitution's Great X-Pounder.

Hardly Ration-al.

Army Bread—The Starve of Life.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. Complete in One Volume. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON & BROS. *New-York*: FREDERIC A. BRADY.

Printed from the Manuscript and Early proof-sheets purchased from the Author, for which Charles Dickens has been paid in cash, the sum of One Thousand Pounds sterling.

Great Expectations? V. F. has them, in common with every body, for if every body does not have them, every body can have them, if they choose, by sending for this cheap copy of DICKENS' latest work.

£1000 for early proof sheets, Mr. PETERSON? Now really don't be so ridiculous as to do this again. Why we will furnish to any one applying for them, V. F. bound copies, three volumes, 1000 pages, for only Five Dollars; besides we are native talent; think of that, oh, Mr. PETERSON, and don't squander your money.

The Rebellion Record. A Diary of American Events 1860–61. *Edited by Frank Moore, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." Part* 1, 2 *and* 3, *with Portraits. Introductory—Double Number. Containing Address by Edward Everett, etc., etc. New-York*: G. P. PUTNAM.

Mr. PUTNAM and Mr. FRANK MOORE combined, have here put the best face possible upon a disagreeable subject. We don't wish any harm to Mr. P., and hope as a publisher he may live a thousand years, but V. F. cannot help acknowledging that, with profound faith in the justice of our cause, and any amount of belief in the power of the Government to put down the rebellion, it hopes that the necessity for publishing any record may speedily cease.

The Works of Horace. New American Edition. New-York and Washington, 1861. GREELEY AND COMPANY.

We have received from our very enterprising neighbors the recently issued number of this valuable reprint, which includes the famous Ode xiv., Lib. 1, so well known to scholars as the *Palinodia*, or *Recantation*.

This number which has been delayed somewhat by the pressure of the times, bears evidence of careful study and deliberation on the part of the Editor. It is by far the best of the series, in every respect, and is sweetly dedicated to W. SCOTT, L. L. D.

A readable edition of Ode xiv. has been a long time owed to the public, and now that the Publishers have so handsomely met the demand, we hope they may, in their turn, be permitted by the subscribers to the series, to rest on their owers until more propitious days. For sale everywhere.

Movements of Prince Napoleon.

Although ostensibly stopping at the New-York Hotel, the Prince really makes his headquarters in the office of VANITY FAIR, where his brown-linen duster and carpet-bag may be seen at all hours of the day. The Prince has a keen appreciation of wit and humor, and is considerable of a wag himself. "Why am I," said he to us the other day, placing his imperial legs upon the desk at which we were writing sparkling paragraphs—"why am I like JEFF DAVIS?" We gave it up. "Because he is in Richmond and I am in New-York!" It created no little amusement at the time.

Epigram.

JOHN BULL wants us to open him a port,
His stock of cotton now so low has gotten;
To please JOHN, we'll do something of the sort—
Open the port of every ship and fort,
And give him cotton there—our best gun cotton!

Position of Col. Miles at Bull Run.

MILES in the rear.

THE TRIUMPH OF ISRAEL.

N times like these it is a real treat
To ramble by the stalls of Chatham Street,
Where, all day long, the sons of Israel
With smiles obsequious their goods do sell ;

Accustomed as I certainly had been
To rate slop-clothing as a thing unclean,
The cheap, delusive coat to class with dirt,
The soiled "all wool" with DEJANIRA'S shirt.

By contrast, now, these things to me appear
Bright objects, wrought in some celestial sphere,
Where gauze-winged tailoresses with divine
But artful fingers to the task combine.

Viewed, as I have, the swindle-stitched disgrace
Of uniforms daubed with sordid lace,
With cheap tag-rags disguised, and paltry loops,
Served out by mean contractors to our troops ;

The weak devices in moth-eaten felt
That straight before the summer shower melt,
The "petersham," enough to make a body
Desponding, and that other sham, the "shoddy ;"

Is it a wonder that one's mind replete
Should turn to SHOLOMONSH of Chatham Street,
Whose vilest "warranted to wash and wear"
With those things favorably must compare ?

Go on, good SHOLOMONSH ! by contrast crowned ;
Proceed : disseminate much virtue round :
Continue ; till for truth men look to you,
"O ! my prophetic soul, my Uncle!" do.

Warranted to Wear—out.

A special dispatch to the *Herald*, announcing the order of fresh troops to Washington, says;

"The contractors are chuckling in their sleeves."

If this is true, it is to be hoped that the contractors have provided themselves with garments of a better material, than those furnished by them to the soldiers. Otherwise, a very small amount of "chuckling in the sleeves" would blow the elbows out.

The Language of the new National Hymn.

Ill-Lyric.

THE LATEST BLONDINISMS.

The proverb says—"Give a knave rope enough, and he will hang himself." How about a fool? We notice in late English papers that the irrepressible BLONDIN had set up his rope-walk in Liverpool, and was trying to effect an engagement with the redoubtable TOM SAYERS. BLONDIN wants to wheel TOM along the rope in a barrow, on the strength, perhaps, of a pugilist's professional familiarity with the "ropes :" but, by accepting such a subordinate engagement, it appears to us that SAYERS would let himself down very much—if BLONDIN didn't do that for him !

If BLONDIN is easily pleased, he must have been delighted with a lecture lately delivered in London by a Mr: WATERHOUSE HAWKINS. The lecture was about monkeys, and the lecturer placed the great BLONDIN just above the Gorilla, which he rather hastily characterised as a creature incapable of tight-rope performance. Dr. GRAY, of the British Museum—the same who has been pitching into DU CHAILLU—took up Mr. HAWKINS' view of the case rather sharply, asserting that BLONDIN, from the high flights taken by him, is clearly a connecting link between the bird and the quadrumane, a position fortified by the fact of his calling himself an Acro Bat.

Another wheelbarrow engagement said to be contemplated by BLONDIN, is one with ALEXANDER SMITH, the poet. This, however, is probably a mistake, and may have arisen from the following announcement in a London literary journal :

"Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH has a new poem on hand which will be published in the Fall."

Talking of ropes and BLONDIN reminds one of JEFFERSON DAVIS, who is said to be making preparations for a flight. England will probably be his refuge, as he has been investing moneys there. Now it would be a famous thing for BLONDIN to secure the services of J. D. as a star tight-rope man in the wheelbarrow branch. The acrobat would not have much trouble in wheeling his Confederate along the hempen way, as the latter has been following that path for a good while, and would be sure to Draw well as an escaped secession chief, besides. But this is vague anticipation. The rope on which J. D. is likely to perform is quite another than that of EMILE BLONDIN.

An English member of Parliament has brought in a bill to abolish the Falls of Niagara on the Canada side, in order to prevent BLONDIN from again fastening his rope there. This, the *Herald* thinks, should be a sufficient *casus belli* for a rupture with England ; and France would be sure to back America in the conflict, on account of the insult to BLONDIN.

AN APPEAL FROM A SICK WOMAN FOR THE SOUTH.

DEAR VANITY :—It is only through the columns of your paper that so humble a person as myself can hope to reach the ears of the Administration. Humanity forbids me to be quiet, as the message of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS in one particular touches the chords of every woman's heart. I quote the paragraph, which urges me to this communication :

"Mankind will shudder at the outrages committed on defenceless females by those pretending to be our fellow-citizens, and will depict the horror with which they regard the deliberate malignity, which, under the pretext of suppressing insurrection, makes a special war on the sick women, and children, by carefully devised means to prevent their obtaining medicines necessary for their cure."

Oh ! Mr. Editor ! is it possible that our usually humane executive has deprived, and is depriving all the little confederate babies of GODFREY'S Cordial. Just fancy them writhing in the arms of their faithful negro nurses, without one drop of Mrs. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup within reach. What will they do without JAYNE'S Carminative? What without SWAIM'S Worm Vermifuge? Our hearts bleed as imagination pictures the nursery deprived of these guardian angels. We are too ignorant also, of Southern productions to console ourselves with the idea that catnip must be at hand, and we have great reason to fear that sage does not consent to grow in Southern regions. The feeble mothers, too, share our sympathy, and we have no doubt our benevolent Government, taking their hard case into consideration, will at our earnest petition load a ship at Cairo with Calomel and Jalap, Rhubarb and Magnesia, Blue Pill and Quinine, send it down the Mississippi bearing a white flag, which in order to ensure protection, (as flags of truce are usually fired upon by the rebels, and their bearers on a mission of humanity are imprisoned by the chivalrous BEAUREGARD,) should also carry this tender inscription—"For your own mothers and babies."

There is no necessity for explaining that this comes from

A SICK WOMAN.